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THE

INDIANS,

A

TRAGEDY.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, RICHMOND.

—*Nemora, atque cavos montes, silvasque colebant.* LUCR.

DUBLIN:

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M,DCC,XCI.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Indians of North America believe in a ſupreme being, immortality, incantation, foreſight, guardian ſpirits, omens, and a God of war, whom they term Areſkouy. In their villages the power of their Sachem is limited, and often counteracted by the rivalſhip or animoſity of other leaders and ſorcerers. They have been often viſited by miſſionaries, and have diſcovered in many inſtances, notwithſtanding their changeful and violent paſſions, amiable diſpoſitions, and conſiderable powers of reflection. They give other names than thoſe uſed by Europeans to many of their lakes and rivers. The river St. Laurence, for example, is term'd by them Hoſhelega. Theſe particulars are mentioned on account of ſome alluſions and paſſages in the following poem.

It may be proper to add, that ſome of the ſpeeches were ſhortened or omitted when the Tragedy was acted; and that the repreſentation was much indebted to the elegant decorations of the theatre; and in a very remarkable manner to the animated and judicious performance of Mrs. Bernard.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. CUBIT.

THE tragic Muſe on moſt occaſions ſings
The ſtrife of nations, and the wrath of kings:
Unfolds the direful myſteries of fate,
The fortunes of the powerful and the great.—
The golden diadem, the flowing pall,
The pillar'd palace, and the trophy'd wall,
The lofty ſenate-houſe, the ſculptur'd fane,
With ſolemn pomp, the ſacerdotal train,
The mighty emperor, and ſcepter'd queen,
Adorn and dignify the gorgeous ſcene —
But our unpractis'd bard, with humbler lays
Aſpires to merit your indulgent praiſe;
And ſtrives, without the pageantries of art,
In ſimple phraſe, to move th' ingenuous heart.
His voice is from the deſart: and his muſe
All unarray'd in artificial hues,
And all incapable of ſtudied grace,
Preſents an artleſs and uncultur'd race,
Of whom, in Twit'nam's bower, the tuneful tongue
Of Thames's darling Poet ſweetly ſung;
Indians, "poor Indians whoſe untutor'd minds
"See God in clouds or hear him in the winds;
"Whoſe ſouls proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
"Beyond the ſolar path, or milky way."
Theſe are our Poet's theme, and yet by theſe
With bold endeavour he aſpires to pleaſe;
The children of the wild, the froward brood
Of nature, ere by reaſon's law ſubdu'd,
She rein'd her reckleſs will; for as they range
The dreary wilderneſs, their paſſions change

Various

Various and rapid as the gales that ſweep
The bending foreſt, and convulſe the deep.
But in refinement, and thoſe arts that yield
Comfort and eaſe to human life unſkill'd,
To them, no towers nor palaces ariſe;
They know no gilded ceiling, but the ſkies.
Their drink, the ſtream that from the fountain flows;
Their food, the wild-fruit that in autumn glows;
No other viands load their ſimple board
Than what the chace, or what their lakes afford.
To them no gaudier ornaments are known
Than the plum'd diadem, or painted zone:
For unarray'd in glittering gay attire,
They to no high pre eminence aſpire.—
"Nay," ſaid Apollo, as he ſlyly came;
For of't you know, when poets are to blame,
He ſwift as lightning quits his heav'nly cheer,
And gently twitches the offender's ear:
"Nay," ſaid Apollo to our poet; friend,
"They're not ſo ſelf-deny'd as you pretend:
"Unpoliſh'd though they be, and rude of ſpeech
"They would the ſummit of diſtinction reach:
"Would pleaſe a Britiſh audience; and impart
"Congenial pleaſure to the melting heart."
So ſaid Apollo: and it were unfit
For me to quarrel with the god of wit;
Our bard ſubmits too: and with conſcious ſigh,
Says, that by you his Indians live or die.

PROLOGUE,

BY A FRIEND.

THOUGH old and common, yet the maxim's true,
That men still wander after something new;
In this opinion all mankind unite,
That varied pleasures yield the most delight:
When oft beheld the fairest objects tire,
The breast soon kindles with a new desire,
Soon will the mind to other objects fly,
By nature fond of sweet variety.
Oft on these boards with ardent zeal we've strove
In comic scenes the mirthful smile to move;
Oft has the gay Thalia sported here,
And antic Farce with laugh-provoking leer:
Here too Melpomene has held her reign,
Here has she wept with all her sorrowing train.
Yet all of these with fated minds you view
Did they not come in varied forms and new.
To night a Bard with new and simple lays,
Would fain attempt the tender tear to raise.
With doubtful pace, behold him slowly come,
To yield submissive to his pending doom.
A novel Theme, his daring Muse has chose;
No Tyrant here with mad ambition glows,
No captive Queen for much lov'd freedom sighs,
No Monarch fights,—no guiltless victim dies,
Far different scenes from these must meet your eyes.
From simple nature, his design he drew,
A few plain Indians all he brings to view:
Instead of courts, a savage land appears,
Where Truth with native charms her head uprears:
Here sweet simplicity alone you'll find,
And manners wild by science unrefin'd;
Such will you see,—but oh! With candor view!
Our Joy or Grief alone depends on you.

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Perſons of the Drama.

ONONTHIO.	Mr. Griffiths.
ONAIYO.	Mr. Evot.
TERDAL.	Mr. Sandford.
NEIDAN.	Mr. Powell.
SIDNEY.	Mr. Cubit.
INDIANS.	
MARAINO.	Mrs. Bernard.

SCENE, a foreſt and Indian village on the ſide of Lake Huron, in North America.

THE INDIANS, A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE, A FOREST.

YERDAL, ONONTHIO.

YERDAL.

NAY, 'tis in vain, Ononthio; you but tire
Your age with uſeleſs labour. All your care
Cannot aſſuage Maraino's anxious ſorrow.

ONONTHIO.

Unhappy mourner! but it were unkind,
Unkind even to Ohaiyo, ſhould I leave her
To pine and weep amid the wild alone.

YERDAL.

Not till Onaiyo, our illuſtrious chief,
Return in ſafety from the rage of arms,
Will ſhe refrain from grief.

ONONTHIO.

Soon, very ſoon,
May he return to bleſs his gentle ſpouſe,
And me his aged ſire!

YERDAL.

He will not tarry.
Soon ſhall thoſe haughty Iſlanders, who ſhake
The ſhores of Canada, and with aſſault
So furious ſtorm her rampires, that our river,
Vaſt Hoſhelega, with uncouth diſmay
Recoiling, 'mid their awful ſolitudes
Troubles his parent lakes; ſoon will they fly
Before the fury of vindictive Gaul.
Then will Onaiyo, crown'd with glory, come
To bleſs thee and Maraino.

ONONTHIO.

Poor Maraino!

YERDAL.

Leave her to the retirement ſhe deſires:
It ſuits her ſoft ſolicitude.

ONONTHIO.

But Yerdal,
I cannot leave her unconſol'd.

YERDAL.

Thy age
Requires ſome reſpite from the painful duty:
Divide the tender office: and with me
Thy friend, the friend of thy Onaiyo, ſhare
The kindly miniſtration.

ONONTHIO.

Pray thee ceaſe.
Maraino comes anon. With reſtleſs care,
Ever as morn along th' untuffled deep
From the eaſtern marge beaming ſerenely, gilds
Our foreſt, hitherward ſhe wends; and far,

Far

Far o'er the wat'ry waſte, her wiſtful gaze
Lifts anxious to deſcry the light canoe
That wafts Onaiyo to her faithful love.
And now, good Yerdal, leave us: for behold!
Along the path-way by the wood ſhe comes.

YERDAL.

[*Aſide and unobſerved by Ononthio, who looks towards Maraino.*

Sweet blooming flower of beauty! Shall Onaiyo
Poſſeſs thee!—He may periſh! in the ſhock
Of battle he may fall; and then, O then!
She may be mine. Tranſporting thought!—To wiſh
Onaiyo were no more! My friend!—My rival
And ſo mine enemy. Yet if his merit
Were not a cloud between me and the ſunſhine
Of public favour, I too would eſteem him. [*Exit.*

MARAINO.

[*Not obſerving Ononthio.*

Onaiyo! My Onaiyo! When, O when
Shall I behold thee? When wilt thou return
To free me from affliction? Save him! Save him!
Spirits of tender mercy, interpoſe
And ſave him from calamity!

ONONTHIO.

My child!

Maraino!———

MARAINO.

My rever'd, reſpected father!

ONONTHIO.

Why wilt thou yield thee to perpetual ſorrow?

MARAINO.

Two moons have wan'd ſince my Onaiyo left me:
Nor have I heard of him; and well I ween,
He treads the path of perilous adventure

ONONTHIO.

I know him firm and valiant: yet I truſt
He will attemper his impetuous valour
With caution not unſeemly.

MA-

MARAINO.

Too, too valiant,
Too eager in the fight, perchance even now,
He ruſhes on the ravening ſword, and falls!
And leaves me deſolate!

ONONTHIO.

Nay; but 'tis impious
Thus to anticipate the will of heaven.

MARAINO.

My huſband labours in the toils of death.

ONONTHIO.

He may return.

MARAINO.

And if he ſhould not, who
Who will be my friend, and from affliction ſave me?
An alien, far, far from my native land,
I have no parent, no courageous brother
To aid and to protect me.

ONONTHIO.

Will not I
Aid and protect thee? Hath my tenderneſs
But this requital, that thou wilt not truſt
In me to comfort and relieve thy ſorrow?

MARAINO.

In truth you wrong me.—

ONONTHIO.

[*With emotion, and not having obſerved what ſhe ſays.*

——Have the tears I've ſhed
For thy diſaſtrous infancy, th' endearment
I've tender'd thee, no other recompence
Than thus to be forgotten?

MARAINO.

Never! Never!
No time ſhall from my memory efface
That night of horror, when the fierce Shawneſe
Rais'd by the Delaware, the yell of death:
Then ruſh'd into our dwelling: ſlew my parents;

And

And tore me from their dying arms, an orphan
Of few and feeble years.

ONONTHIO.

I ſav'd thy life.
Leagu'd with the Gaul, and the Shawneſe, we fill'd
Virginia with diſmay; with conſternation
Shook Penſilvania. Yet I was not leagu'd
To perpetrate inhuman deeds. I ſtrove
To mitigate the fury of my friends;
And ſav'd thy life.

MARAINO.

Not only ſav'd, but ſtill
Haſt been to me a parent. Though I loſt
A father and a brother, thou haſt been
A father to the Orphan: and thy ſon
Hath gain'd an ampler portion in my heart,
Than even a brother. But thy ſon even now,
Stems the full tide of danger; and thy age
Trembles beneath the weight of many years.

ONONTHIO.

Deem not ſo lightly of thy brethren's faith,
As that they will not, though Onaiyo periſh,
Succour thy weakneſs, and regard thy worth.

MARAINO.

Nay, if Onaiyo periſh, I will not
Survive the vaſt misfortune; nor require
Other aſſiſtance, than with decent care
To lay me in the lonely grave. Can I
Behold that genial Sun, or tread the vale,
Or climb the mountain, or explore the wild,
Reft of Onaiyo? No! for we are one,
And live or die together.

ONONTHIO.

Neidan comes:
The ſage, through all our nation deem'd of ſkill
By incantation, and myſterious power,
To pacify, or to his purpoſe bend
The Dæmons, that on fleeting pinion fly
Around, and ſway the fortune of mankind.

Enter NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

With evil tidings am I come.

MARAINO.

[*With emotion.*

Onaiyo!—

NEIDAN.

I fear me is no more!

ONONTHIO.

[*Supporting Maraino who falls on his breaſt.*

Aſſiſt my child.

Too ſudden, ah! too ſudden was thy tale.

NEIDAN.

In truth too ſudden: for our hero's death
Was only rumour'd, fear'd, but not confirm'd.

MARAINO.

[*Recovering.*

How! not confirm'd! deceive me not; too ſure
My huſband periſh'd.

NEIDAN.

Nay, forgive my zeal
And deep concern for thy Onaiyo's life,
That urg'd my ſpeech to certainty, inſtead
Of doubt, more ſuitable to vague report,
And fear begotten gueſſes.

MARAINO.

[*With emotion.*

Then he lives!

NEIDAN.

Nor that can I affirm.

MARAINO.

What would you then?

NEIDAN.

In bloody battle hath the Gaul been vanquiſh'd.

Some

Some of our warriors are return'd: they fled
Soon as the fortune of the conflict frown'd
On their bold efforts: nor can tell us more
Than that our friends have fail'd; that England's banner
Waves o'er the field victorious: that her sword
Riots in hostile gore; and that Quebec
With all her lofty battlements must fall.

MARAINO.

Then my Onaiyo perish'd! would he brook
Discomfiture? Would he survive? O deal not
Deceitfully with my distress, nor trifle
With th' agony that wrings my bleeding heart.

NEIDAN.

They left him 'mid the fury of the fight:
A while they hover'd in th' adjacent woods:
And though they seiz'd a captive, they have learn'd
Of our Onaiyo, nothing.

MARAINO.

Too, too brave
He fell! and I will follow.

ONONTHIO.

Yield not thus
To the suggestions of unseemly fear.
If he has fall'n, I too have lost a son;
A gentle boy; and yet our nation's shield:
A valiant boy; yet dutiful to me.
No! heav'n will not deprive me of a son,
The stay and solace of my feeble age.

MARAINO.

Blessings befal thy rev'rend age! thy words
Speak comfort to my soul. Thy holy prayer
Will find acceptance: for thy spotless heart
Harbours no impious, nor inhuman wish;
For deeds of kindness are the best oblation
That heav'n receives. O may they now ascend
In fair array before th' eternal throne

And

And plead for thee: and from diſaſtrous fate
Preſerve thy gallant ſon! [*Exit.*

ONONTHIO.

Thou ſaid'ſt our brethren
Had ſeiz'd a captive?—

NEIDAN.

Snar'd as he purſu'd
With reckleſs eagerneſs the flying foe.
Of reſolute demeanour, though alone,
And chaff'd to think that he ſhould be in bondage,
While Albion triumphs o'er the conquer'd Gaul,
He ſeems his fetters to deſpiſe, and ſcorns
With conſcious dignity, our menac'd torments.

Re-enter YERDAL.

YERDAL.

Thy brethren ſummon thee, Ononthio! haſte!
And hie thee to the village: for even now
An awful ſacrifice muſt be perform'd.

ONONTHIO.

That rite betokens an important cauſe.

YERDAL.

To calm the fury of thoſe angry powers,
That have with dire calamity o'erwhelm'd us;
And ſoothe the melancholy ghoſts, whoſe moan
Borne in the ſighing breezes of the night,
Upbraids our tardy vengeance; while their limbs
Cold and unburied, and defil'd with gore,
Lie undeplor'd by Hoſhelaga's wave.

ONONTHIO.

Th' occaſion will require no common offring.

YERDAL.

A Britiſh priſ'ner reeking and beſmear'd
With Indian blood, ſhall with his own appeaſe
The vengeance of the dead.

ONONTHIO.

Direful award!

NEI

NEIDAN.

Yet juſt and reaſonable. Shall the blood
Of our beloved kinſmen ſoak the ground
Without due retribution? Haſte thee, pierce
The boſom of our foe; and win the favour
Of th' unſeen ſpirits that approve or blame
And with fit recompence requite our conduct.

ONONTHIO.

Thoſe unſeen ſpirits, as they are themſelves
Pow'rful and happy, muſt approve the deeds
That flow from tender mercy; and muſt blame
Vindictive outrage.

NEIDAN.

Sachem, though thine arm
Be valiant, though thy reverend age hath gain'd
Authority, for wiſdom in the ſway
And miniſtration of the ſtate; thou knoweſt not
The counſels of thoſe heavenly pow'rs, that rule
Our welfare and our woe.

ONONTHIO.

Can I believe
That they are more inhuman than the moſt
Inhuman of mankind? If th' Indian name
Be branded with diſhonour; if our tribes,
Thin'd by the ſword, and waſted by diſeaſe,
Suffer perceptible and ſwift decay;
Our own indocile, fierce and cruel nature,
That with groſs arrogance ſuppoſes Heaven
Furious like us and vengeful; muſt be charg'd,
And juſtly charg'd with our decline and ruin.

NEIDAN.

Rulers like thee who wantonly deſpiſe
The warnings and the miniſters of heav'n,
And would advance their own miſguided will
Above their counſels, are the fatal cauſe
Of our calamities.

ONONTHIO.

Thy zeal tranſports
And urges thee to unbecoming utt'rance.
The captive ſhall not periſh: not unleſs

His

His guilty deeds ſhall by the doom of juſtice
Deſerve ſuch puniſhment. *Exit.*

NEIDAN.

[Towards Onontbio at his departure.

Thy impious pride
And arrogance deſerve rebuke!—And now
[Turning from him.
He ſhall be thwarted! and this priſoner's blood
Shall ſeal the downfall of his haughty power.

YERDAL.

[Stopping him going out.

Neidan, I would confer with thee. Thou know'ſt
The holy rev'rence I've ever borne thee;
And I've experienc'd thee my friend.

NEIDAN.

Thy pleaſure?

YERDAL.

You've mark'd, have often mark'd Maraino's beauty.

NEIDAN.

And with regret have ſeen her radiance kindle
The flame of unrequited love in thee.

YERDAL.

But not of hopeleſs love.

NEIDAN.

Not hopeleſs! how!

YERDAL.

Onaiyo is no more! doubtleſs he periſh'd.
We have no tidings of his fate, but that
He ſtrove in bloody conflict. Furious rage
And headlong raſhneſs muſt have urg'd him on
To deeds not only hazardous, but deadly.

NEIDAN.

But yet his death will not avail. Maraino
Erewhile, if I miſdeem not, ſcorn'd thy ſuit.

YERDAL.

My rival liv'd; but now I'll ſoothe and win
Her ſoul to ſoft compliance; I will practiſe

Ev'ry

Ev'ry endearment of ſubduing love
To bend her ſtubbornneſs: and thou art ſkill'd
In th' efficacies of enchanting ſpells.
Employ them in my ſervice: thy reward
Shall be whate'er thou wilt and I can compaſs.

NEIDAN.

But then Ononthio loves thee not, nay hates thee!
For thou haſt oft oppos'd him; and will never,
Unleſs by ſtrong compulſion, yield Maraino
To thy embrace.

VERDAL.

And would you grieve to ſee him
By ſtrong neceſſity compell'd?

NEIDAN.

No more—
Exert thy influence. If direful charms
And pow'r with th' agents of the troubled air,
Or thoſe that haunt the deſert; and if ſkill
To uſe the hidden virtues that belong
To ev'ry root and ev'ry plant that waves
Its foliage to the breeze, can aid thy purpoſe:
Or if ſagacity and deep diſcernment,
Have power to ſnare our over-bearing chief;
Command their ſervices, and be ſucceſsful.

VERDAL.

Succeſsful to the very utmoſt height
Of my deſires! Maraino ſhall be mine!
And all the uſurpation and the power
Of proud Ononthio trampled in the duſt.
He who oppoſes me, me thus upheld
And aided by thy ſkill, may ſooner ſtem
The rage of Niagara, when he pours
The upper and the nether floods, with vaſt
Tremendous tumult, down the foamy cliffs,
And roars, and ſhakes th' untrodden wild afar.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, A FOREST, LAKE, &c.

YERDAL.

HAVE ſpells enſlav'd me? Have infernal fiends
Practis'd upon my ſoul? Is it diſeaſe
Or frenzy that ſubdues me? Who hath given
Maraino power to rule and bend my heart
With ſuch entire dominion? For ſhe cleaves
Faſt to my ſoul; compels my thoughts, becomes
A part of my own nature. If I ſeek
To drive th' enchanting image from my breaſt,
I feel as if a vulture's rav'ning beak
Tore and devour'd my vitals. Dire compulſion
Urging to deeds of ſuch tremendous aſpect
As that their bare ſuggeſtion ſhakes almoſt
To utter overthrow, my tott'ring reaſon!

ENTER NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

Yerdal, I'm baffled.

YERDAL.

Our imperious Sachem
Prevails againſt thee ſtill?

NEIDAN.

His glozing ſpeech,
And grave authority, impreſs'd by long
And crafty uſurpation, have miſled
The counſels of our elders, now aſſembled
Apart, and lur'd them to undue ſubmiſſion.

YERDAL.

And is thy purpoſe fruſtrated?

NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

It is not.
I'll rouſe the multitude, with them the priſoner
Remains in durance; and before the wiſdom
Of our ſlow ſolemn ruler interpoſe,
I'll fire them with reſentment, till their rage
Shall headlong ſcorn and trample on reſiſtance.

VERDAL.

You muſt be ſpeedy then.

NEIDAN.

I only came
To warn thee of ſome danger.

VERDAL.

How!

NEIDAN.

Thy rival—

VERDAL.

He is not ſure return'd?

NEIDAN.

But may ere long.
My mind ſagacious of the time to come,
Anticipates th' event.

VERDAL.

Should he return?

NEIDAN.

Be wary; O be wary; and regard him
As your determin'd foe.

VERDAL.

He is! he croſs'd
The courſe of my ambition, and hath blighted
The bloſſoms of my love. But he can ne'er
Return from battle: his ungovern'd fury
Hath driven him to deſtruction.

NEIDAN.

Should your hope
Be diſappointed, guide yourſelf with caution;
Let him not ſee Maraino. He believes you
Attach'd to him: contrive ſome means to hinder
Their meeting. Could you by ſome rare device

Prevail with him to let this ſun deſcend
Before he viſited his friends, the time
Were precious and important.

YERDAL.

Though thine eye
Can pierce the miſt oft-times, whoſe thickeſt fold
Involves futurity, I cannot think
Onaiyo will return.

NEIDAN.

Nay, but he will:
For now behind that ſhelving rock I ſpied
A light canoe, that quickly ſkimm'd acroſs
The curling wave and bore thy rival's enſign.
And now, behold him!

YERDAL.

Ha! Onaiyo! blaſt him!

A canoe is rowed by Indians acroſs the back ſcene: Onaiyo comes out; makes a ſignal towards the canoe to row away; and then coming down the ſtage, joins Yerdal and Neidan.

NEIDAN TO YERDAL.

Be firm! collected! cloſe! rein and ſuppreſs
The tumults of your heaving breaſt.

ONAIYO.

My friend!
But you ſeem troubled!

NEIDAN.

[Wiſhing to turn Onaiyo's attention from Yerdal's confuſion.
Unexpected joy
For your arrival overpowers his heart.
Now Yerdal, now baniſh your grief; our friend,
Our hero, our Onaiyo is returned.

ONAIYO.

ONAIYO.

My peril was indeed extreme.

YERDAL.

'Twas rumour'd
That you had fall'n; and every eye was fill'd
With weeping, every voice with lamentation.—
Now, ſongs of gladneſs ſhall ariſe.

ONAIYO.

But tell me,
How fares it with my Love?

YERDAL.

Thy rumour'd death
Afflicts her heart with agonizing ſorrow.
Onontalio ſtrives to ſoothe her, but in vain.

ONAIYO.

Where is the lovely mourner? Let me fly
And claſp her to my boſom.

YERDAL.

Nay, Onaiyo!
It were too ſudden. Truſt me, the tranſition
From ſore affliction bord'ring on deſpair,
To the tranſporting tumults of delight,
Might from her delicate and feeble frame,
Expel with extacy th' enraptur'd ſpirit.

ONAIYO.

Spare me! in truth I cannot brook delay.

NEIDAN.

Nay, but my gallant chief, he counſels well.
Maraino's form ſo exquiſitely faſhion'd,
Of alien growth, nor fenc'd with Indian nerves,
Is all too feeble for aſſault ſo rude.
The tidings of thy death had overwhelm'd her,

And

And now a gentle ſlumber ſoothes her ſorrow;
The firſt that for two miſerable nights
Hath kindly viſited her weary couch.
I then will haſten and attend her reſt;
And when ſhe wakes, ſo as may leaſt alarm
Her flutt'ring ſoul, will mention your arrival,
And then will lead you thither. [*Exit.*

ONAIYO.

Haſte, I pray thee!

YERDAL.

Meantime how ſpeeds the fortune of our friends?

ONAIYO.

Our friends are fall'n, and Gallia now deplores
Her armies vanquiſh'd, and her empire loſt.

YERDAL.

Moſt lamentable iſſue! we have heard
But not diſtinctively of that diſaſter:
Sure 'twas a fierce encounter.

ONAIYO.

Fierce indeed!
'Twas like th' encounter of two warring clouds
Shrouding the ſky with darkneſs; big with ſtorms
And fire and thunder, neither yields, but onward
Both drive with rapid conflict, till the cruſh
And deaf'ning roar of burſting flames and fury
Rend heaven and earth.

YERDAL.

And ſo the dire event
Hung long in doubtful balance?

ONAIYO.

No, not long;
The thunder of th' engaging armies peal'd
As if the firmament's ſtupendous arch
Ruſh'd headlong, with tumultuous ruin down.
But ſoon they cloſ'd in nearer conflict; ſwords

Blaz'd

Blaz'd o'er the field: the bayonet was drench'd
In reeking gore: determin'd valour firm
And disciplin'd, in either hoft, maintain'd
The direful shock, till Gallia's leader fell.

YERDAL.

Then unoppos'd the furious foe prevail'd!

ONAIYO.

No courage, nor exertion could refift
The flame of Britifh valour burning bright
With love of fame, with love of freedom ftrong;
Strong by thofe native energies and zeal
For England, that in every age and clime
Have rous'd her gallant progeny to deeds
Of unexampled prowefs. Gallia fled!

YERDAL.

What joy to Albion, and her haughty race!

ONAIYO.

Yet Albion grieves—Though victory adorn
Her brow with beams of glory, fadnefs fhakes
Her migh y fpirit; and her hofts have fhower'd
Tears on their conquering arms.

YERDAL.

What heavy lofs
Compell'd their grief to fuch fevere excefs?

ONAIYO.

The lofs of their brave leader. Wolfe expir'd
Even in th' embrace of victory. He faw
The tide of battle overwhelm the Gaul;
The while a fiery minifter of death
Strove with his lab'ring fpirit. Yet "They fly!
"They fly"—he cried: and then his foul fet free,
Flew rapture wing'd, flew from her mould of clay
To th' iflands of the blefs'd, where heroes crown'd
With glory, triumph in immortal joy.

YERDAL.

A glorious death!

ONAIYO.

A death that might outweigh
Ten thouſand lives. And though Britannia ſhed
The tear of heart-felt ſorrow on his tomb;
Yet ſhall *his* praiſe embelliſh *her* renown,
And through all future ages ſhall excite
Her offspring to excel in great exploits,
And earn the meed of everlaſting fame.

YERDAL.

But by what wondrous means, amid the ſtorm
And rage of battle was thy life preſerv'd?

ONAIYO.

Wondrous indeed!—Engag'd in cloſe encounter
With a brave Engliſhman, I ſtrove in vain
Againſt his vigilant and ſkilful valour.
He ſaw me fainting. "Yield thee," then he cry'd;
"Thou art a valiant youth, and it would grieve me
"To ſpill thy life-blood: yield thee, and obtain
"Requital ſuited to thy generous daring."
My ſoul was melted. He receiv'd me nobly;
I told him my condition. "Go," he ſaid,
"Comfort thy parent, and protect thy ſpouſe!"
I left him then: and ſure you will not marvel
If my heart thrill to him with grateful rapture.

YERDAL.

Some of our friends who ſaw thee rush on danger,
Beheld thee in the very fangs of death.

ONAIYO.

They left me in the conflict. They beheld
Inevitable ruin, as they deem'd,
Gird me around. Exhauſted and impair'd
With ſleepleſs care and labour, ſome ſhort ſpace
I ſojourn'd for recovery, and renewal
Of vigour; with our brethren who frequent
Ontario's woody margin.—But 'tis ſtrange
Neidan returns not.

YERDAL.

He returns anon.

Re-enter

Re-enter NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

Ah me! Maraino!——

ONAIYO.

How!

NEIDAN.

With frenzy toſs'd
The tumult of her brain cannot be calm'd.

ONAIYO.

I'll ruſh into her arms.

NEIDAN.

Yes—If you'd have her
Expire in th' extacy of fev'rish tranſport:
But if you would preſerve her life, O come not
Into her preſence. Let no tidings reach her
Of your return. Ononthio charges you
Beneath the shelter of the grove, awhile
To reſt unſeen: till cautiouſly we ſteal
Upon her feelings: by degrees inſinuate
The probabilities of your eſcape:
Then tell her, as by rumour unconfirm'd,
That you are ſafe; and thus by rend'ring hope
The harbinger of joy, gently prepare her
Harraſs'd and ſore afflicted, to ſuſtain
The tide of happineſs, which your arrival
Will pour upon heart.

YERDAL.

'Tis wiſely urg'd.
For the ſhort ſpace of a few hours reſtrain
Your fond ſolicitude. Meantime conceal
Your veſſel by that cliff. With ſuch aſſiſtance
As your condition needs, and I can give;
I inſtantly will join you.

ONAIYO.

ONAIYO.

O be careful!
Be careful, Neidan, of my love. Reſtore her,
O ſpeedily reſtore her to my arms. [*Exit.*

NEIDAN.

Yerdal, my engines are at work; and ere
Ononthio meet the multitude, I'll rouze
The fury of our kinſmen. Be it thine
Meanwhile to guard and to deceive Onaiyo. [*Exit.*

Enter ONONTHIO.

ONONTHIO.

The venerable elders of our nation,
Mov'd with becoming pity, have reſolv'd
To ſave our captive from inhuman outrage.
And now I come to miniſter relief
To my afflicted child.

YERDAL.

If I miſdeem not,
Within the cavern of the cliff retir'd,
She wins an hour from overwhelming grief,
Employ'd in oriſons and ſupplication
For her Onaiyo's ſafety [*Exit.*

Enter MARAINO.

ONONTHIO.

She returns.
How fares it with my child?—Serene and calm!
What joy it gives me to behold thee free
From overwhelming care!

MARAINO.

Some lenient influence
Reigns in theſe hallow'd manſions of retirement
That ſoothes and elevates the penſive breaſt.

ONONTHIO.

That lenient influence has an inward ſource;

It

It flows from a well regulated heart.
Clear and unſullied by no conſcious ſenſe
Of ill intention'd thought, or froward deed,
The ſoft effuſion from that well of life,
Flows gently, and imparts ſerene delight.
The joy to rapture riſes when the heart
Glows with devotion: and if I miſdeem not,
The ſecret ſhelter of the wild even now
Heard thy pure oriſon.

MARAINO.

With holy truſt
Before the great and everlaſting Spirit,
I pour'd out my complaint: and as my tears
Flow'd as before a father and a friend
I felt my ſoul diſburden'd.

ONONTHIO.

Be aſſur'd
The mighty Spirit whoſe tremendous voice
Roars in the thunder, but whoſe bounty ſmiles
In the mild radiance of a vernal morn
All-powerful, all-diſcerning, unconfin'd,
Can ſee the meaneſt creature, and protect
The lowlieſt reptile. If an earthly Ruler
Hear not the lamentable moan of thoſe
Whom lowlineſs and penury remove
Far from his view, let weakneſs and not will
Be charg'd with the defect. But he whoſe eye
Searches the mazes of the human heart,
Whoſe arm can from his golden orbit tear
The flaming ſun, and hurl him through the ſky
Like a bewilder'd meteor, ſees and guards
The lighteſt inſect, that on gilded wing
Flits o'er the ſurface of a ſummer ſtream.
He 'mid o'erwhelming grief, will often deign,
With beams of comfort, flaſhing through the gloom
Of miſery, to ſolace and ſupport
The ſoul that bears and ſtruggles with affliction.

MARAINO.

MARAINO.

Indeed the ſuccour of reviving hope
Hath not from me, been churliſhly withheld.
For now with gratitude I well remember,
Beneath the ſhade of the preceding night
When downy ſleep with lenient influence ſtole
Soft on my weary ſenſe; that I beheld
My huſband blazing with effulgent beams.
I ruſh'd to meet him: but behold! a wide
Voracious gulf flaming with waves of fire,
Gap'd, and between us roll'd a furious tide.
O who can tell what anguiſh I endur'd,
When through the livid ſteam I ſaw Onaiyo
Dark with malignant paſſion, while a fiend
Urg'd him behind, urg'd him with dire deſpair,
To plunge into the deep! He ſprung! and ſafe
Flew o'er the torrent, that with conſcious rage
Reluctant, and with hideous bellowing clos'd
Like thunder roaring on a diſtant hill.
I wak'd with agitation: and deſcry'd
The bluſh of orient morn. But I deſcry'd not
Onaiyo; though my beating heart was full
Of tender recollection. So I ſhed
Some fooliſh tears and ſigh'd, becauſe Onaiyo
Was not beſide me. Yet I know full well
I ſhould as now, have cheriſh'd hope, and given
A kindly welcome to the ſmiles of peace.

Enter an INDIAN.

INDIAN.

Haſte thee, Ononthio: the elders of our tribe
Thus bid me tell thee—" If thou wouldſt defend
" The priſ'ner from deſtruction, haſte thee, ſave him
From Neidan's fierce and unrelenting rage."

ONONTHIO.

We had determin'd to preſerve his life.

INDIAN.

INDIAN.

But Neidan fires the multitude; informs them
That our departed kinſmen ſlain in battle
Demand a ſacrifice: and that this Briton
Alone, can ſatisfy their thirſt of vengeance. [*Exit.*

ONONTHIO.

He ſhall not be the victim.

MARAINO.

Haſte and ſave him!
Altho' mine own peculiar griefs have ſtriven
To ſink my ſoul, yet heaven be prais'd, I ſtill
Have tears of ſympathy for thoſe that mourn;
And would adminiſter what aid I can
To the poor ſufferer that has no friend. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *An open ſpace adjoining the Village.*

Sidney *in fetters.—Indians along with Neidan, arranged around him, arm'd with Tomahawks.*

1ſt. INDIAN.

Spirits of the dead, that fly
All athwart the midnight ſky,
When the ſable-ſuited night
Bars the weſtern gate of light,
And with lamentable wail
Load the intermitting gale.

2d. INDIAN.

By your melancholy groans
Mangled carcaſes and bones,
That beſmear'd with recent gore,
Lie on Hoſhelega's ſhore,
Diſembodied ſpirits come
And enjoy the victim's doom.

3d. INDIAN.

Come, my brethren, fierce and grim
Fill the cauldron to the brim:
Fewel in the foreſt hue,
Cypreſs, pine and baleful yew,
Till the ſmoke and ſmould'ring fire
Round the ſooty ſides aſpire.

4th. INDIAN.

With a thouſand tortures ſlow
Vary his protracted woe:

Every

Every nerve and every vein
Claims its deftin'd dole of pain,
Till the wilds and rocky fhore
Hollow with th' unpitied roar.

4th. INDIAN.

Bend th' elaftic bow to fly
With his hairy fcalp on high!
Hither, from the waſte of war
Aſeskouy, roll thy car!
Grim with horrible delight
Hallow the tremendous rite.

6th. INDIAN.

Blaſts that wing the winnow'd air
Fly! on rapid pinion bear
Far beyond the billowy main
Screams of anguiſh, ſhrieks of pain!
Far beyond th' Atlantic deep
Let his kindred wail and weep.

NEIDAN.

[*With threatening geſture addreſſing* Sidney.

Never, never, never more
Shalt thou tread on Albion's ſhore,
Friends and kindred never ſee,
But convulſ'd with agony.
Here 'mid Indian wilds ſhalt have
Early, thine unhonour'd grave.

SIDNEY.

Unhonour'd! No! Although an early grave
May be my doom, think not I die unhonour'd.
True honour cannot be impair'd by mere
External wrong. That innate principle
Reigns independent of all force or fraud,
Inveſted with th' invulnerable mail
Of conſcious dignity. I ſcorn your tortures;
Your ſavage menaces and coward inſult.

They ſpeak the language of ignoble vengeance,
And not the true born majeſty of valour.

NEIDAN.

But when thine eye-balls ſhall be ſtrung with anguiſh
And the blood boil in thy fermenting veins,
And every quivering limb be rack'd with torment,
Thy haughtineſs ſhall be caſt down; thy vaunting
Be chang'd to piteous ſervile ſupplication.

SIDNEY.

Savage, I vaunt not; but deſpiſe your menace.
In Albion born, and conſcious of the rights
That give our iſle pre-eminence and ſplendor
Above the nations of the world, I fought
In their behalf, and to preſerve the fame
Of England unimpair'd. I fought determin'd
To combat every peril that might croſs
My undertaking. To have fall'n in battle,
Fall'n with my gallant leader, would have been
A ſoldier's choice, rather than periſh here
By cruel fiends unheard of: but I care not.
Begin your rites: I ſcorn them; and defy
All that your bloody vengeance can inflict.

NEIDAN.

[*Lifting his tomahawk.*

Tear him! compel his ſtubborn heart to yield.

Enter ONONTHIO AND MARAINO.

ONONTHIO.

Down with that bloody weapon! Ha! my friends,
And have I ſtriv'n for many years in vain
To mitigate the fierceneſs that hath branded
Our Indian name with infamy?

NEIDAN.

He triumphs
In our calamity. His hands are red,
Red with the bloodſhed of our friends. They cry
For ſpeedy retribution.

ONONTHIO.

Soft a while.
We have no certain proof that they have perish'd.
They may return. Perchance they are in bonds.
We may recover them if we preserve
This Briton. Leave us then: I would confer
With him apart; and learn what hath befallen
Our valiant friends. Retire—

NEIDAN.

But let not pity
Sheathe thy resentment. If our friends have fallen,
Blood must atone for their lamented death.

[*Exeunt Neidan and Indians.*

ONONTHIO.

Unhappy stranger! With unfeign'd compassion
I greet thee: and beseech thee not to judge
Too rashly of our friends.

SIDNEY.

I know them well.

ONONTHIO.

They are indeed too vehement. They feel
Too ardently: too ardently resent
The suff'rings of their brethren. Yet their wrath
Is like the rushing of a mountain blast,
Sudden, but soon appeas'd. I trust they know not
The hate that rankles in a vengeful breast.

SIDNEY.

Too well ere now, I've prov'd their deadly rancour,
When at still hour of midnight they surpriz'd
My father's dwelling, barbarously slew
My parents and my infant sister. I
Escap'd their fury: but my heart preserves
Indelible, th' impressions of their rage.

MARAINO.

Merciful heaven! and were thy parents slain
By cruel Indians? and hadst thou a sister?
An infant sister?—Wilt thou, gentle stranger,
Grant me the boon I crave; and tell me where,
Where was their dwelling?

SIDNEY.

You appear as if
Th' intelligence concern'd you.

MARAINO.

Very nearly:
More nearly than you can suppose. O tell me
Who were thy parents? Where they liv'd? And all
The lamentable story of their death.

SIDNEY.

My parents
Were born in Britain. In their early days
Fortune had smil'd on them, but soon alas!
With sad reverse she frown'd. Gen'rous disdain
To be the constant objects of compassion,
Determin'd them to leave their native land,
And strive by honest industry, elsewhere
To earn a peaceful livelihood. They cross'd
The wide Atlantic: in a woody vale
Lav'd by the Delaware for many a year
Blest'd with success in their unenvied toil
They liv'd, and rear'd their progeny, myself
And my poor helpless sister. But even here
Their fate was adverse.—Cruel fate! O heaven,
Did they deserve their suff'rings?

MARAINO.

O proceed!
And free me, free me from suspence!

SIDNEY.

SIDNEY.

[With emotion, not observing Maraino.

My parents!
Moſt barbarouſly maſſacred! can I
Recal that night of horror, and not feel
My boſom torn with agonizing ſorrow?

MARAINO.

O direful night! when at the dreary hour
Of midnight, the tremendous yell aroſe:
My father ſtarting from his ſleep, beheld,
By th' hideous light of his own roof in flames
The ſcowling viſages of ſavage fiends
That yell'd with horrid howling. Dire event!
The earlieſt image ſtamp'd on my remembrance
Was that diſaſtrous night!

SIDNEY.

On thy remembrance!

MARAINO.

My brother! O my brother! I am thine,
Thy only ſiſter! thy poor ſiſter! then
Reft of my parents and of thee. But now
I have recover'd thee!

SIDNEY.

Thy name?

MARAINO.

O Sidney!
You are indeed my brother. Oft I have heard
The tale of our diſaſter; but believ'd
You too had periſh'd.—Holy heav'n! I thank thee!
My brother lives, lives to protect and guard me!

ONONTHIO.

She is indeed thy ſiſter. At that time
So full of horror and diſtreſs I ſav'd her!

MARAINO.

Sav'd me! preserv'd me! with parental care
Rear'd me!

SIDNEY.

My sister! and I trace in thee
The form and lineaments of her that bore thee,
O long lamented!—but to find thee *here!*

MARAINO.

Here with increasing tenderness and care
Have I been rear'd. That venerable man
Hath been a father to me, and his son—

SIDNEY.

His son!

MARAINO.

A gentle youth! gallant, yet mild.—

SIDNEY.

An Indian!

MARAINO.

O my brother, we grew up
As children of one house. Our infant sports
We shar'd together: and together rang'd
The forest: and if I were weary, he
Would bid his people tarry for me: yield me
What aid he could: and bring me cooling fruits
Or water from the fountain. Would you think it?
I've seen him weep for me, and his cheek glow
With indignation of the grievous wrongs
My infancy had suffer'd. O he is
A gallant youth; valiant, but very gentle—
If you but knew him! knew his noble nature!
Indeed, my brother, he resembles thee!

Enter NEIDAN.

Our brethren are impatient.

ONONTHIO.

ONONTHIO.

Go, inform them
That I have freed the captive: that you saw me
Loosen his fetters. [*He unbinds Sidney.*

NEIDAN.

'Tis a ventrous deed.

ONONTHIO.

Inform them that he is my son, the brother
Of my Onaiyo's spouse; and tell them too
That ere the radiance of yon golden orb
Shall blaze upon the western wave, even they
Shall with affection clasp him in their arms.
Meantime, my children, underneath my roof,
Shelter'd behind that hill tufted with trees,
Retire a while: your suff'ring needs some respite.
[*Exeunt Ononthio, Sidney and Maraino.*

NEIDAN.

Th' insidious daring traitor! 'tis to thwart
My influence, that his guileful art contrives
This specious tale.

Enter YERDAL.

YERDAL.

Neidan, you seem incens'd?

NEIDAN.

A dextrous artifice! this captive Briton—
Would you believe it—is Maraino's brother,
And must be kindly us'd! So says our Sachem,
Our sage sagacious Sachem!

YERDAL.

More sagacious,
Perchance than you conceive. Doubtless he deems
Onaiyo lost; and would maintain his sway,
By an adopted son.

NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

In all his projects
It much concerns us to oppose his power.
He is unfriendly to our nation's weal;
Prefers the modes of Europe; would establish
Strange artificial customs, and annul
The laws of our forefathers: nay he scorns,
If I misdeem not, in his heart he scorns
The rites of our religion.

YERDAL.

'Tis no secret:
Thee with derision he regards; contemns
Thy mystic powers, and holds them forgeries
To blind the vulgar. Even his boastful son
Is too much skill'd in European lore,
And treats our worship with audacious insult.

NEIDAN.

And if thy bosom glow with just resentment,
And if thy wrongs rouse thee to vengeful daring,
That arrogant and irreligious boaster
May be compell'd to greet his native shore
With other notes than joyful gratulation. [*Exit.*

Enter ONAIYO.

ONAIYO.

Who is that stranger? And of Albion too.
He seem'd by his apparel; who even now
Went hence, and with Maraino?

YERDAL.

You observ'd them?

ONAIYO.

As by a shady path-way, down that hill,
I came unseen, I spied them. They appear'd
In earnest conversation. On the stranger
Maraino hung; and with impatient gaze,

Nay,

Nay, even with extacy, devour'd his ſpeech.
By heaven, 'tis ſtrange!—

YERDAL.

Did you accoſt them?

ONAIYO.

No.
I haſten'd to accoſt them: and to cheer
Maraino, as I deem'd, ſunk in a tide
Of overwhelming grief. But griev'd ſhe was not!
By heav'n, ſhe ſmil'd! and with aſſiduous care
Careſs'd the ſtranger! Struck, as if a ſhaft
Of fire had pierc'd my heart, I paus'd.—They paſt
By heav'n, 'tis ſtrange!—I follow'd; but return'd
To learn from you the meaning. Has ſhe heard
Of my eſcape?

YERDAL.

She has not.

ONAIYO.

How! believe
Me loſt! and ſmile!

YERDAL.

[*Aſide.*
This ſuits me well. Suſpicion
Hath fix'd her talons in his heart.—'Tis well.

ONAIYO.

What means thy heſitation? Speak, I charge thee'
And on thy life inform me of that ſtranger.

YERDAL.

Good, my brave leader, let not wrath inflame thee,
That youth, and ſooth to ſay, he is a gay
And comely youth, was brought in bondage hither:
And was condemn'd to periſh: but thy ſpouſe
Was mov'd with pity—Who would not have pitied
A youth ſo gallant?—And preſerv'd his life.

ONAIYO.

ONAIYO.

So gallant! and my ſpouſe preſerv'd his life!

YERDAL.

He is of Albion too.

ONAIYO.

Was I forgotten?
Was her ſolicitude for me ſo ſlight?
Her boſom ſo acceſſible to pity?—
Perchance to other feelings!—fiends and dæmons
Of vengeance hence! Nor with inhuman fangs
Torture my ſoul.

YERDAL.

It were indeed a treſpaſs
Of heinous aggravation, if thy love
And kindneſs met not with deſerv'd requital.

ONAIYO.

You deem her falſe then?

YERDAL.

Nay, I would not ſay ſo.

ONAIYO.

But you believe it! and I now remember—
I now remember well, at my return
You were embarraſs'd, ſpake with heſitation.
I'm wrong'd, by heav'n, I'm wrong'd!

YERDAL.

Nay, be not raſh.

ONAIYO.

You hinder'd me from meeting with Maraino.
But I will meet with her.

YERDAL.

[*Endeavouring to hold him.*
Reſtrain your fury.

ONAIYO.

ONAIYO.

[*Burſting from him.*

Away, detain me not! I will have vengeance.
By ev'ry power of heaven, I will have vengeance.
I'll tear the guilty paſſion from her ſoul:
And pierce the heart of her baſe paramour. [*Exit.*

YERDAL.

I muſt prevent him. Neidan ſhall purſue,
Lead him aſtray, and lure him from their courſe. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE before the Cottage of Onondio.

ONAIYO, NEIDAN.

Onaiyo seems desirous of entering the Cottage, Neidan strives to prevent him.

ONAIYO.

I will not be restrain'd. This way they came,
And here I will have vengeance.

NEIDAN.

Nay, Onaiyo,
Your fiery rage misleads you.

ONAIYO.

As I live,
They are beneath that roof.—Merciful heaven!
Beneath my father's roof! Can that abode
Of purest innocence afford protection
To perfidy and baseness? And must I
Stain the recesses of that blameless mansion
With guilty blood? Bear witness, heav'n and earth,
To the reluctance of my just revenge.

NEIDAN.

I will not suffer thee. Wilt thou disquiet
The peace and comfort of thine aged sire?
Enflam'd with jealousy, and mad with anger,
Thus wilt thou rush into his sacred dwelling,
Confound him in thy wrath, and overwhelm him
With horror and astonishment?

ONAIYO.

ONAIYO.

I would not:
But that my wrongs compel me. My reſentment
Can ne'er be ſated but with blood.

NEIDAN.

Thy raſhneſs
Will diſappoint thy purpoſe. While thy rage
Flows out in needleſs menaces, th' offenders
Eſcape thy vengeance.

ONAIYO.

Are they not within
My father's threſhold?

NEIDAN.

How your heedleſs wrath
Miſguides your judgment! Would they chooſe that
As a fit ſcene for wantonneſs?—They paſt, [manſion
They ſought the ſhelter of the grove; with ſpeed
They plung'd into the foreſt: and ere long
May ſhape their courſe beyond the utmoſt ſearch
And vigilance of your purſuit.

Enter YERDAL.

YERDAL.

Onaiyo!
If you would overtake Maraino's flight
You loſe th' occaſion. Through the boundleſs wild
By unfrequented paths, ſhe and her lover
Elude your tardy chace.

ONAIYO.

By heav'n they ſhall not!
I'll leave no glade, no cavern unexplor'd.—
Guardians of truth and righteous judgment, aid
And brace mine arm for deeds of juſt revenge. [*Exit.*

YERDAL.

How narrowly we ſcap'd!

NEIDAN.

The time is urgent.
Your purpoſe is to bear Maraino hence?
Have you deviſ'd the means?

YERDAL.

I have. Pretending
To ſave her brother, at dead hour of night,
I will convey them to a diſtant ſhore.

NEIDAN.

Our captive then eſcapes? our project fails?
And our fly Sachem ſtill retains his power?
If ſuch be thy intent, I cannot aid thee.

YERDAL.

[With ſome confuſion.

Nay, you miſcalculate. Though now he ſeem
To leave us, he ſhall not eſcape. Believe me,
I will not fruſtrate your deſign.

NEIDAN.

Your ſchemes
Are difficult, and lead to th' utmoſt brink
Of danger. If Onoothio's guile prevail,
Your purpoſe will be baffled. For our tribes
Are ſoften'd by his arts. They deem this Briton
The kinſman of Maraino: and even now,
Shifting and changeful, as the ſhifting breeze,
They, who, an hour ago, would have condemn'd him
To ev'ry torment, every varied pain,
That fury can inflict, would, in their tranſport
Of warm affection, cla'p him to their hearts.

YERDAL.

So very changeful are their minds, that now
They mean, with cuſtomary forms and pledges
To offer him adoption.

NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

Will *he* bear
An Indian name? will *he* ſo long accuſtom'd
To European ſoftneſs and refinement
Conſent to live in deſerts, and aſſociate
With thoſe, whom in their arrogating pride,
His brethren term not only rude, but ſavage?

YERDAL.

He will not: and his inſolent refuſal
Will kindle hot diſpleaſure. But I've wing'd
A ſhaft to fly with ſurer aim. An Indian,
One too, who mark'd Onaiyo in the battle,
School'd in ſagacious policy, will come
With ſeeming ſpeed; and overwhelm'd and loud
With clamorous and counterfeited grief,
Will bring aſſurance of Onaiyo's death.

NEIDAN.

And ſo rekindle their extinguiſh'd wrath?

YERDAL.

Nay more; he ſhall, as fit occaſion offers
Charge the deſtruction of our gallant leader
Upon the captive; and recite a tale
So trick'd with circumſtances, ſo diſguis'd
With ſemblance of the truth, and faſhion'd ſo,
According to Onaiyo's own report,
As ſhall impoſe belief, and rouſe to madneſs
The fury of our brethren.

NEIDAN.

Then you ſeize
That opportunity and waft Maraino,
Aiding her brother's flight, to ſome retreat,
Far from Onaiyo's ſearch?

YERDAL.

And you meanwhile
Before you follow his miſguided ſtep
To lead him more aſtray, reſt here, and help
Our preſent buſineſs. What elſe remains
I will myſelf accompliſh. [*Exit.*

NEIDAN.

Ha! he means
To ſave the priſ'ner!—Toſs'd and whirl'd about
By his own ſchemes and paſſions, he neglects
Higher concerns; and cares not though the ghoſts
Of our unburied kinſmen cry for vengeance.

Enter from the cottage, Ononthio, Sidney, and Maraino.

ONONTHIO.

Go, Neidan, and inform our honour'd elders
That with due forms, and cuſtomary ſtate,
They hold themſelves in readineſs, to give
The calumet of peace, and to receive
With true affection, as a faithful friend,
The brother of Maraino.

NEIDAN.

How! a friend!
Why not a brother? An adopted brother?

ONONTHIO.

Th' adoption may not be: away, inform them
Of our deſign. [*Exit Neidan.*

MARAINO.

Alas! it may not be!
Bars of eternal hind'rance intervene;
The limits never can be croſs'd; and Sidney
Can never be adopted, nor become
The brother of Onaiyo, and thy ſon.

ONONTHIO.

I cannot urge it; no! it were unjuſt
To bid him forfeit European culture,
The high attainments of inſtructed reaſon
And the embelliſhments of poliſh'd life,
To ſojourn in the wilderneſs. Though we
Boaſt of our freedom; and enjoy our ſhare
Of happineſs; for none of nature's children
Are doom'd to miſery; and tho' in the hour

Of

Of docile infancy, the pliant fibres
And ſhoots of human ſtructure, may be bent
To any form; yet by the lapſe of time
Even minds contract rigid unyielding habits,
And like the body will not quit their bias.

SIDNEY.

And therefore, though I feel many a ſharp pang
For thee, Maraino; yet I ſee thee faſhion'd
To thy condition: I perceive the chords
That ſtring thy heart, tun'd to the ſweeteſt ſtrain
Of tenderneſs and love: and would not therefore
Endanger thy pure innocent enjoyment
With change of ſituation.

MARAINO.

Never, never
Would I forſake Onaiyo! Never, never
Forego the kindneſs of this good old man.

Enter in haſte an Indian.

INDIAN.

Hurons! inhabitants of this retreat,
Lift up the voice of weeping and of woe.

ONONTHIO.

What means thy diſmal out-cry?

INDIAN.

Honour'd chief!
Alas! I greet thee with no joyful tidings!—

MARAINO.

Of my Onaiyo!

INDIAN.

[To Maraino.

Though it grieve me ſore
To ſmite thy gentle heart, yet true it is,
That our brave leader is no more!

MARAINO.

[*Wildly.*

No more!

ONONTHIO.

My child! my child! come to my bosom. Here
Pour out thy tears, and mingle them with mine.
Ha! wilt thou not? 'tis right! 'tis very right!
I cannot comfort thee! no! Never, never!
Can I know any comfort, but to die! [*Exit.*

MARAINO,

Gazing wildly.

No more! Onaiyo lives no more! 'twas sure
Some hideous phantasy, some direful dream
That shook its horrors on my soul! no more!
I'll not believe it! 'tis an arrant falsehood!
Traitor, thou art suborn'd! and wouldst impose
On my affliction. Swear Onaiyo died!
And let each feature of thy tale be stamp'd
With truth that mocks conjecture.—O my heart!
You did not say he was no more! you could not
Be so inhuman. Never to my knowledge
Have I done injury to thee. Nor would I
For any the most precious thing on earth,
Afflict thy heart as thou afflictest mine!
O pity me! and if thou dost desire
That heav'n should bless and prosper thee, O tell me,
And tell me truly, that my husband lives.

INDIAN.

I cannot! 'mid the fury of the fight
He perish'd.

SIDNEY.

Sure you err.

INDIAN.

Ha! who art thou?
Tear him, and torture him, wring every joint
Till with his life-blood he make expiation.

SIDNEY.

SIDNEY.

What expiation?

INDIAN.

'Twas thy ruthleſs ſword
Pierc'd our Onaiyo.

SIDNEY.

Nay, 'tis falſe.

INDIAN.

I ſaw thee:
Was with our leader in the heat of battle:
Beheld him preſs on thee: his arm grew weak:
I ſaw thine eye flath with indignant fire,
And thy ſword lifted to inflict the wound.—

MARAINO.

Interrupting him.

That made me deſolate! that left me here
Poor and forlorn, and helpleſs, and undone!
O was there none but thee, but thee, my brother!
To ſhed my huſband's blood, and ruin *me?*

SIDNEY.

I ſlew him not.

MARAINO.

With impatience.

Who ſlew him then?

INDIAN.

His ſword
Was lifted to inflict the wound.

SIDNEY.

But ſpar'd him.

NEIDAN.

[*Who had entered at the time the Indian accuſed Sidney; and now comes forward from behind.*

He would impoſe upon us: it behoves thee,
By all the tenderneſs Onaiyo bore thee,
By all the honour due to his remembrance,
T' avenge his death. Go, Indian, tell Ononthio,
And tell our brethren if they wiſh for vengeance
To ſpeed them hither, that the ſullen caitiff
May ſuffer as his cruelty, and guile
In baſely daring to deny his guilt,
In bonds may ſuffer as his deeds deſerve;
While with uplifted arm Onaiyo's ſpouſe
Shall cleave his ſtubborn heart. [*Exit Indian.*

MARAINO.

Muſt I perform
The deſperate deed?

NEIDAN.

[*Giving her a tomahawk.*

Graſp the tremendous ſteel!
Nor heſitate: nor let miſgiving fear
Render thee weak.—Did not Onaiyo love thee?
Nay, dote on thee? With adoration held thee
In excellence ſupreme?—And now his blood
The life-blood guſhing from his boſom cleft
With cruel wounds, to thee, with dire regard,
Cries for revenge. Lift the tremendous ſteel,
Be reſolute. Avenge thy huſband's death!

MARAINO.

And ſlay my brother?

NEIDAN.

Thy huſband's murderer.

MARAINO.

MARAINO.

[*Caſting away the tomahawk.*

Away! away! I will not ſlay my brother!
I cannot ſhed a brother's blood—Although
A cruel brother hath he been to me!

NEIDAN.

Onaiyo's death requires ſwift retribution.

Re-enter ONONTHIO.

ONONTHIO.

Begone! begone! who ſpeaks of retribution?
I am Onaiyo's father. It belongs
Me of all others to require atonement.

NEIDAN.

Behold the ſpoiler of our hero's life!

ONONTHIO.

Have I not heard that he denies the charge?
Retire till I have queſtion'd him.

NEIDAN.

Beware
Of his inſidious craft. [*Exit.*

ONONTHIO.

[*Firſt to Neidan, then to Sidney.*

I pray thee go—
Now, ſtranger, now have pity on my woe,
Nor look inflexible with ſullen ſternneſs,
But deign to hear and anſwer me. O ſcorn not
The ſupplication of a poor old man.

SIDNEY.

By heav'n I would not injure—I revere thee!

ONONTHIO.

I had an only ſon, a gallant boy,
The pride and comfort of my feeble age:

And

And if you slew him, 'twas a piteous deed!
A deed that soon will drag my aged head
With sorrow to the grave. But if he live
And by thy clemency, may heav'n reward thee
With ev'ry blessing. Pity my affliction!
Tell me, O tell me, is my son alive?

SIDNEY.

May heav'n so help me in my utmost need
As I believe thy son is yet alive.

ONONTHIO.

The ground of thy belief? tell and relieve me!

SIDNEY.

Amid the tumult and the rage of battle,
An Indian leader, and of valour rare
Among th' undisciplin'd and roaming tribes
That range the forest, charg'd me, and became
My captive. Though our time could not admit
Of tedious parley; yet in brief he told me
"He had an aged father, and a spouse,
"And that their lives were knit with his." His valour
Had claim'd my admiration: and the freedom,
The manly confidence of his discourse
Won my sincere affection. "Go," I said,
"Comfort thy parent, and protect thy spouse."
I thought no more of him, but kept this belt
Given me as he departed.

[*Shewing a wampum belt.*

MARAINO.

Ha! that belt!
The work of mine own hands, my husband lives!
My brother has preserv'd my husband's life!—
Gave thee that belt!

SIDNEY.

And earnestly entreated
I would preserve it as a true memorial
Of his unfeign'd esteem.

MARAINO.

MARAINO.

Wond'rous event?
Who would have thought when by th' acacia tree
Diffuſing fragrance from its ſnowy blooms,
I curiouſly with beads and mottled ſhells,
The wampum belt for my Onaiyo wove;
Blent in rare ſymmetry the various hues
The white, the ſcarlet, and the ſky-worn blue,
And ſaid, "This braid will be a braid of love
"To bind affectionate and tender hearts,"
Who could have thought it would have gain'd the pow-
To bind in love my huſband and my brother? [er
Surely ſome gentle Spirits then were by,
Heard me, and ſmil'd, and bleſs'd the pleaſing taſk.

ONONTHIO.

My child! be ever ſtudious of thy duty
And of becoming deeds. The fair effect
May far out-go the ken of bold conjecture;
And reach enjoyment more ſupreme than hope
Tranc'd in extatic viſion ever fancied.

Enter YERDAL.

YERDAL.

Fly! fly! Ononthio; and preſerve the captive
From imminent deſtruction. Furious rage
Enflames our brethren. They have heard Onaiyo
Periſh'd beneath his arm.

MARAINO.

Tell them he lives!
My brother ſav'd my huſband's life! inform them.

YERDAL.

It were in vain; you might as ſoon command
The Northern tempeſt, when he plows our lake
Down to its nethermoſt abyſs, to rein
His fury and be calm: as quell their rage
Rous'd even to frenzy.

ONONTHIO.

ONONTHIO.

Till their wrath ſubſide
We will retire.

YERDAL.

And in the ſecret cave
Faſt by the lake, you may awhile conceal
The ſtranger from their fury. I meantime
Will ſtrive to mollify their ire.

MARAINO.

Good Yerdal,
Uſe all thy lenient power of ſoft perſuaſion
As often heretofore, with winning ſpeech
And ſoul-ſubduing energy, I've ſeen thee
Sway the tumultuous multitude: go ſoothe,
And mitigate the violence of their anger:
Sure that if my endeavour e'er can meet
Thy wiſhes, I will ſerve thee.

[*Exeunt Maraino, Ononthio, Sidney.*

YERDAL.

Kindly ſpoken!
With phraſe well ſet, and very courteous accent!
But theſe I muſt not now regard: the time
Requires the ſpeed of rapid execution. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, a wild recess by the Lake. A canoe at a little distance.

YERDAL *and* INDIAN *meeting.*

INDIAN.

I have obey'd thee. Neidan comes anon:
But seems in wild disorder.

YERDAL.

How! disorder!

INDIAN.

Amid a dreary dell, where scatter'd trees,
Scath'd by the living lightning, spread their bare
And half burnt branches, his dishevel'd locks
Sigh'd to the passing breeze. And muttering accents
Uncouth, and incoherent, he appear'd
As if he held strange parley with th' unseen
And shrieking spirits of the night. He comes. [*Exit.*

Enter NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

Yerdal, be wary. Danger like a snake
Of fascinating eye, and swell'd with poison
Lies in thy path. Dæmons and fiends conspire
To work thy ruin.

YERDAL.

Let not terror move thee
To mar my purpose.

NEIDAN.

Fiery ſpirits glare
Athwart the wild. Howlings and ſhrieks of woe
And voices more than mortal in mid-air
Threaten events of moſt tremendous iſſue.

YERDAL.

The fictions of thy fear.

NEIDAN.

Even now the moon
Labour'd with awful jeopardy in heaven.
Scarce had ſhe riſen in lucid robe array'd,
And pour'd upon the grove a flood of light,
When a foul monſter, like a dragon, ſpread
O'er half the welkin, and approach'd with wide
Voracious jaw to ſwallow her reluctant
And ſtruggling with his fury. Darkneſs then
Enfu'd, and then a dreary blaſt that froze
My very heart with dread.

YERDAL.

I too beheld
The fancied conflict. But the lucid orb
Burſt through the vapour: and even now aſcends
Unclouded in ſerene and ſilent ſtate.
Away then with thy omens: they concern not
Me more than others. Tell me of Onaiyo.

NEIDAN.

Far through the pathleſs wilderneſs he roams;
Imprecates vengeance on his faithleſs ſpouſe;
And vows infuriate, in her lover's breaſt,
To plunge his truſty ſteel.

YERDAL.

'Tis well. Obſerve him;
And let him not come nigh this lone receſs:
For if he once held converſe with Maraino,
My ſcheme were baffled.

NEIDAN.

This deciſive hour
I deem, will ratify his fate—or thine. *Exit.*

YERDAL.

YERDAL.

Behold my fleet canoe. Ere noon of night,
I shall have left the shore.

NEIDAN.

Maraino tarries.

YERDAL.

She will be here anon. I but delay
Our going hence, till from Ononthio's care
And fond officious vigilance, I part her.

NEIDAN.

Th' attempt is hazardous,

YERDAL,

And is it thus,
With timid indecision, you would blast
Ononthio's power?

NEIDAN.

The prisoner escapes!

YERDAL.

Although he should, will not our project tend
To the fulfilments of your heart's desire!
Maraino's flight deem'd guilty, and the rage
Or madness of Onaiyo, will o'erwhelm
Ononthio with despair.—You dare not now
Recede or hesitate. You have promoted
Onaiyo's jealousy. Or will you venture
To tell him 'twas a fiction!—a device
To poison his repose!

NEIDAN.

[*Partly aside.*

He hath ensnar'd me.

YERDAL.

I hear the noise of trampling feet: withdraw.

[*Exit Neidan*

Enter Ononthio, Sidney and Maraino. Yerdal having gone up the stage, is at a little distance.

ONONTHIO.

How calm and placid is this solemn scene!
The moon from her high tabernacle bright
With burnish'd silver, looks directly down

On

On the ſmooth boſom of th' unruffled lake
That far and wide reflects the radiant blaze,
How calm and how ſerene that azure ſky!

MARAINO.

Calm and ſerene as thy untroubled breaſt,
Ononthio, dimm'd by no malignant paſſion,
No grov'ling wiſh, or unbecoming thought,
But purified with love to all mankind;
And tranquiliz'd with ſteady confidence
In th' everlaſting ſpirit.

ONONTHIO.

Every bleſſing
Befal my child! it were indeed moſt churliſh
To ſcorn the applauſe of thy unblemiſh'd truth.—
The native approbation of a heart
Like thine untainted, is a pleaſing note
That ſounds in unilon with th' inward ſenſe
Of conſcious good intention: or replying
To that affuaſive melody. It ſeems
A balmy gale blown from thoſe bliſsful iſles,
Where, after death, the virtuous ſhall receive
The happy recompence of every toil.

YERDAL. [*Advancing.*

Well met, Ononthio. In this lone receſs,
Shelter'd with wood, and cavern'd rocks, and lav'd
By the ſtill water of the Huron lake,
Maraino and her brother may enjoy
An interval of reſt, till my canoe,
Duly prepar'd, waft them in ſafety hence.

ONONTHIO.

Maraino too?

YERDAL.

It will afford her joy
To ſhare ſo long a brother's converſation,
Before the moontide of another day
She will return. Beſides, my boſom augurs
With very ſtrange, but glad anticipation,
That in our courſe we may with blyth encounter

Meet

Meet our expected chiefs. Meantime thy sage
And grave authority must interpose
To calm the rage of our impetuous friends.

ONONTHIO. [*To Sidney.*

Now peace attend thee, stranger! soon I trust,
In other guise, when bloody-minded war
Tires of his pastime, thou again wilt visit
These wilds and thy Maraino. Now, farewell!

SIDNEY.

Ne'er shall th' impression of thy generous worth
Be from my faithful heart effac'd. Farewell!

[*Exeunt Ononthio and Herdat.*

MARAINO.

May heav'n preserve him!

SIDNEY.

He indeed deserves
Every requital of unfeign'd affection.
Yet pity it is such merit should be lost
Amid this savage wild; nor have the aid
Of European culture; those improvements
That mend the heart, and dignify our nature.

MARAINO.

In truth, my brother, I cannot but marvel
At your regret. Think you that in the wilds
Amid the shades and silence of retirement
Virtue may not be prov'd and have a field
For exercise? I marvel much your schools
Have not inform'd you, that true piety,
From proud philosophy needs little aid,
But may in ev'ry place be known and practis'd:
And what should mend or dignify your nature
But virtue and true piety, I know not.

SIDNEY.

Nor am I less surpris'd to hear from thee
Discourse so little suited to thy state.

MARAINO.

The sage Ononthio has not gain'd the honours
Of reverend age without much intercourse
With strangers, both from Britain and from Gaul,
And all the store of wisdom reap'd from them

He ever earneſtly and with affection
To me imparted. Many a ſummer's even
'Mid the receſſes of a woody dell,
Have I with rapture liſten'd to his lore.

SIDNEY.

He is no alien then to the belief
Profeſs'd in Chriſtendom.

MARAINO.

Be well aſſur'd
An upright mind, ſtain'd by no baſe deſire,
Nor apt to be enflam'd with fiery rage,
Or dimm'd with envious rancour; but inclin'd
To deeds of mercy and of love; and glowing
With kind affection; patient ſtill; and free
From prideful arrogance, or vain conceit;
And lifted above earthly things with hope
Of joy untainted in a life to come;
With ſympathetic extacy will yield
Obedience and due homage to that Teacher
Who with ſupreme authority enjoins
A correſponding conduct.

SIDNEY.

I could liſten
For ever to thy pleaſing ſpeech, unlike
The difficult and harſh conceits, that oft,
Too oft in Europe, veſted with parade
Of knowledge, force from the unperſuaded mind
A cold reluctant ſemblance of belief.

MARAINO.

Some other time, unleſs the joyful hopes
That now give comfort to my ſoul deceive me,
The theme we may reſume. For now thy toils
Require ſome pauſe: and that umbrageous bank
Cuſhion'd with leaves and yellow moſs invites
To ſoft repoſe.

SIDNEY.

Even ſo, 'till Yerdal come:
And as the time wears; if I deem aright,
His coming will be ſpeedy. [*Exit.*

MARAINO.

MARAINO.

Guard his reſt!
Spirits of peace and comfort! And may I
Soon welcome my Onaiyo! Soon receive him
Returning ſafe from bloody ſtrife and peril.
O ſhould he now arrive! And meet my brother!
Renew their friendſhip!—What delight! What dream
Of fancied happineſs! Yet Yerdal ſaid
It might be ſo.—O at this precious hour,
Beneath the ſilent moon-beam, while the lake
Sleeps placid as an infant's reſt; ſhould now
His glancing oar at intervals arriſe
And cut the glaſſy ſurface!—Sure I heard
The daſhing ſound! I'll haſten to the rock!
O ſhould I now deſcry and meet Onaiyo! [*Exit.*

Enter ONAIYO.

ONAIYO.

Ye know ye everlaſting fires, that chear,
With conſcious brilliancy, the vault of night;
Ye lights of heav'n, that oft beheld us range
The grove or valley; how ſincere the love
I bore Maraino! this ſequeſter'd nook
That with a heart ſore ſmitten and afflicted
I now reviſit ſorrowful, hath ſeen us
Paſs many a bliſsful hour! * Ha! Have I found thee?

* *Diſcovering Sidney in the adjoining receſs.*

Impious ſeducer! Now for deep revenge!

While Onaiyo goes forward as about to kill Sidney, Neidan enters from behind.

NEIDAN.

Ha!—And by heav'n 'tis well!—He ſlays the caitif.
But what unnerves thine arm? Let not diſmay
Arreſt the righteous doom. He cannot harm thee.

ONAIYO.

Away! away! 'tis monſtrous! direful fiends
Conſpire to ruin me! The very braid
I gave him in the fight!

NEIDAN.

Can he reſiſt?

Sleep

Sleep overpowers him: ſeize the lucky time.

ONAIYO.

The deed were horrible! He! gracious heav'n!
He reſcu'd and preſerv'd me from deſtruction!

NEIDAN.

He is thine adverſary.

ONAIYO.

My deliverer!

NEIDAN.

Hath he not reft thee of thy ſpouſe's love!

ONAIYO.

He might have ſlain me—but preſerv'd my life!

NEIDAN.

He rather choſe to load thee with diſhonour!

ONAIYO.

Injur'd by my deliverer!

NEIDAN.

A ſeducer.

ONAIYO.

Away! nor urge me to the deed! begone!

NEIDAN.

'Tis to preſerve thee from reproach.

ONAIYO.

Avaunt!
Vile tempter, hence!—

NEIDAN.

A thouſand curſes blaſt thee. [*Exit.*

ONAIYO.

Injur'd by my deliverer! requited
With foul diſgrace by her whom I ador'd!
Congenial ſpirit! that from th' early dawn
Of life haſt been my guardian and my guide,
Thou ſhalt not bluſh for me, nor with diſdain
Abandon me: yet I will perpetrate
A deed of horror. Shall Onaiyo live
Diſhonour'd? No, Maraino ſhall behold me
Weltering in gore. Her lover too ſhall know
I ſcorn'd inſidiouſly to ſhed his blood;
But ſcorn'd to live diſhonour'd.

Re-enter

Re-enter MARAINO.

MARAINO.

Ha! my love!
Onaiyo! my Onaiyo lives! My love!

ONAIYO.

O that I were, Maraino! but alas!

MARAINO.

What means thy ſtrange demeanour, and that look
Of wild averſion?

ONAIYO.

Hence, for ever leave me!

MARAINO.

Leave thee, Onaiyo!

ONAIYO.

With thy lover go!

MARAINO.

He is my brother!

ONAIYO.

Falſe deceiver hence!

MARAINO.

Save me! my brother!

Enter SIDNEY.

SIDNEY. [*Advancing to Onaiyo.*

Who would do thee wrong?

ONAIYO.

Briton, obſerve me; 'mid the rage of battle,
Thy ſword was lifted to deſtroy my life;
But ſmote not. Then in ſooth I held myſelf
Indebted to thy clemency. But now,
I render thee thy gift: I will not live
Beholden to thee. Take my life erewhile
Forfeited to thy proweſs.

SIDNEY.

Gallant youth!
I honour'd thee:—ſtill honour thee.

ONAIYO.

Yet taint
Th' affections of my ſpouſe?

SIDNEY.

SIDNEY.

By heav'n I'm wrong'd!
From th' imputation of ſo foul a treſpaſs
My heart recoils with horror. You behold me
The brother of your ſpouſe.

ONAIYO.

The proof?

SIDNEY.

I've ſaid ſo.—
Would you have further proof? Concerning thee
What other evidence did I require
When with brief parley 'mid the ſtriſe of battle
You told me your condition? No, Onaiyo,
Your faith I never queſtion'd.

ONAIYO.

Noble youth!
Even in thy outward portraiture and frame
And manly lineaments, I might have ſcann'd
Thy inborn dignity of ſoul. Maraino!
Wilt thou forgive me?

MARAINO.

How! forgive thee! no.
I'll not forgive thee: never will forgive thee!
Forgiveneſs would ſuppoſe offence. And how,
Haſt thou offended? By excels of love?
If that be guiltineſs, O precious guilt!
O ſtill be guilty, and I'll ſtill forgive.

SIDNEY. *[While Onaiyo and Maraino embrace.*
Sweet reconciliation! beauteous child
Of raſhneſs and of love, that weeps delighted,
And on the gentle boſom of forgiveneſs
Covers its bluſhing face, and weeps, and ſheds
The kindly dew that nouriſhes affection.

Enter ONONTHIO.

ONONTHIO.

My ſon!

ONAIYO.

My honour'd ſire!

ONONTHIO.

Reſtor'd to me

From

From direful danger!

ONAIYO.

More alarming danger
Than in the ſhock of battle, hath aſſail'd me
Since my return.

ONONTHIO.

Th' invidious Yerdal, fir'd
With horrid frenzy, as I've learn'd from Neidan,
Who now profeſſing penitence, abjures him;
Strove, like the ſerpent of our wilds to ſting thee.

ONAIYO.

Strove more maliciouſly: that venom'd reptile
Gives warning of his vengeance; ſounds th' alarm
Of deadly rage. But Yerdal's fell device
Was artfully diſguis'd; and wore the ſemblance
Of faithful friendſhip.

Enter NEIDAN.

NEIDAN.

Save thee! ſave thy life
Onaiyo! Yerdal with inſatiate fury
Purſues thee.

Enter YERDAL.

YERDAL.

Go! thou miſerable wizard!
Hence! with thy falſe perfidious tale; Go hide thee
Amid the wilderneſs; nor henceforth dare
Viſit the haunts of ſocial life: thy ſpite
Merits another doom: but that thy baſeneſs
Saves thee from bloody vengeance. [*Exit Neidan.*

ONAIYO. [*Advancing to him.*

You reſerve
That doom for me; and come no double, to prove
Your manhood by my death.

YERDAL.

I come to tell thee,
And without ſubterfuge, or mean diſguiſe,
I hate, and I abhor thee.

ONAIYO.

Fair return

For

For confidence and unſuſpecting faith!
To thee my heart was open. No reſerve
Lock'd up the ſecrets of my ſoul from thee:
Nor was there any form of menac'd ill,
However deſperate and full of danger,
I would not at thy bidding, and for thee
Have freely combated. Yet, thy return!—
It ſhames me, Yerdal, to expreſs before thee
The baſeneſs of thy treſpaſs; for 'tis worſe,
Far worſe than the reſentment, that a ſenſe
Of wrong provokes: and yet thou can'ſt no ſay
I ever wrong'd thee.

YERDAL.

Wrong'd me! Shallow reaſoner!
Who ſpeaks of wrong?—Was I to bear thy vain
And arrogant preſumption? Or to join
In th' acclamation of the ſenſeleſs crowd
T' exalt and homage *thee!*—homage Onaiyo!
Vile proſtitution! No! Was I to quench
The ſtrong deſires and wiſhes of my ſoul
In deference to thine! and be beholden
To thee for condeſcenſion! I would ſcorn
Life on the mean condition.

ONAIYO.

If I've gain'd
The favour of our kinſmen; 'tis by ſtriving,
With unaffected, unremitted zeal
To tender them due ſervice. Or if bleſs'd
To th' utmoſt height of my deſire, I've won
Maraino's tender heart, it is by love,
As pure and as unchangeable as ever
Glow'd in a youthful boſom. Were I given
To proud preſumption, as thy charge implies,
I would not now regard thee. But I lov'd thee
And honour'd thee: and little, little deem'd
That had I wrong'd thee, as I ne'er have done,
Thou would'ſt have ſought mean vengeance, rather
With bold avowal of thy ſoul's deſire, than
Whether from love or from ambition ſprung,
Vent undiſguis'd reſentment.

YERDAL.

Now the bold
And undiſguis'd avowal of my hatred
Shall cleave thy heart; while thus—

[*Endeavouring to ſtab him.*

MARAINO.

[*Falling on Ononthio.*

My huſband dies!

ONAIYO.

[*Having ſeiz'd the dagger and ſtabb'd him.*

Periſh, perfidious fiend!

YERDAL.

[*Having fallen.*

Thine arm prevails!
Thy deſtiny prevails! and now I ſcorn
To live and ſee thee bleſs'd. Although my ſoul
When bound and priſon'd in theſe limbs hath felt
Reluctant and unnatural compulſion
To yield thee def'rence and extorted praiſe;
Free and unſhackled from this vile condition
I truſt I ſhall have vengeance. I will haunt
Thy reſt with hideous phantoms, and appall
Thy heart with horror. Live, and be accurs'd!
For me, I die! and with my parting breath,
As with the peſtilence's noxious ſteam,
Would blaſt thee!

[*Dies.*

MARAINO.

Powers of mercy and of truth!
Ye interpos'd; and when the rav'ning ſteel
Was rais'd againſt my huſband's life, the traitor
Fell by my huſband's arm: O now avert
His vengeful imprecation.

ONONTHIO.

Hapleſs youth!
I pity thee! Blear envy dimm'd thy reaſon;
Tainted thy ſoul with bitterneſs; pour'd rancour
Into the golden veſſel of thy heart;
And all thy kind affections turn'd to gall.
Envy, foul fiend! whoſe duſky wings diſtil

Corrosive dews on the shy, fearful bud
Of merit unassur'd; that scarcely dares
Unfold its delicately-tinctur'd hue
Even to the vernal ray! far be thy flight,
And baneful intercourse from those I love!
But still may kindness, gentleness and truth,
Preserve their lives serene!

SIDNEY.

For ever just,
Heav'n lays revengeful malice in the dust,
With infamy deserv'd, and dire defeat
Confounds the purposes of base deceit:
But will all those, who would obtain success
By virtuous efforts, still preserve and bless.

THE END.

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EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. BERNARD.

" *INDIANS! rude Indians! mere ſavage elves!*
" *He ſhould have given us creatures like ourſelves:*
" *He ſhould have copied Nature, and have ſhewn*
" *Tempers and diſpoſitions like our own.*"
So ſays a Critic: but with def'rence due
Our bard appeals from his award to you:
He pleads not guilty, ſays he has not err'd;
And truſts that his defences may be heard:
Nay he maintains that he has fully ſhewn
Tempers and diſpoſitions like your own.
Th' Indian encounters danger, laughs at fear;
Sure we have lines of ſtrong reſemblance here.
Th' Indian loves liberty, and will be free:
And ſo have Britons been, and ſtill will be.
Our Indian chief too has a generous breaſt
By nature's loveliеſt ſignatures impreſt;
And burns with ardor for the public weal;
And ſerves his nation with a patriot's zeal.
The tend'reſt paſſion too, his boſom warms
With all love's ſweet and exquiſite alarms,
Charm'd by the magic power of female merit,
Modeſt allurement, gentleneſs of ſpirit,
Manners unblemiſh'd, unaffected eaſe,
The power to govern, but the wiſh to pleaſe:
Th' ingenuous air, the ſweet expreſſive face;
Charm'd by an Engliſh girl's bewitching grace.
Throbbings unbidden, ſighings half-ſuppreſs'd,
The native language of a kindred breaſt;
The fault'ring accent, and impaſſion'd eyes,
Announce how faithfully ye ſympathize.
And yet it muſt be own'd, that in one feature,
There is no correſpondence in your nature.
You've ſeen a ſpiteful and malicious heart
Goaded with paſſion, practiſe wicked art,

To

EPILOGUE.

To persecute the guiltless and prepare
For unsuspecting truth, th' insidious snare.
But English spirits candid still, and just;
And kind to those that in their candor trust:
Scorn the base thought to injure or deceive,
And with indulgence graciously receive—
So pleads with beating heart our humble band—
Th' attempt by worthy means to merit their regard.
With this exception, and with def'rence due
He leaves the judgment of his cause to you.

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